

you just might get it all

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by [theclingyduo](#)

Summary

“Mimi?” The little boy whispers. Tommy’s heart stalls. He leans forward, narrowing his eyes in thought.

At first glance, the boy looks unfamiliar. He’s got sandy brown hair, with shining blue eyes and freckles dotted over his cheeks. But- his eyes, so wide-eyed and curious and brimming with tears- they remind Tommy of-

The boy says again, louder, “Mimi!”

And- despite himself, Tommy’s eyes well up in tears.

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(Four years after they're all together again, Tubbo, Tommy, and Ranboo decide to adopt. It leads them to someone they *never* in a million years would have expected to see again.)

Notes

:D it's time!

(edit 3.2024: edited wilbur out of this fic. fuck him, fuck abusers, support victims. support shelby.)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“I want a kid,” Tubbo says one day, completely out of the blue.

From across the room, Ranboo blinks at him. He puts his book down, turning fully towards Tubbo and directing his attention to him. “A kid?” Ranboo confirms.

Tubbo nods. “Yes.”

“Okay,” Ranboo says slowly. He gets up from his chair, coming over to sit next to Tubbo on the couch. Tubbo leans towards him, resting his head on Ranboo’s shoulder. Ranboo places a hand on Tubbo’s knee, absently rubbing circles into it. “What brought this on?” Ranboo asks.

“I dunno,” Tubbo says. “I was walking around the neighborhood yesterday, and there were these kids running around. Their parents were nearby, I think, just watching them and smiling.” Tubbo shrugs lightly. “It brought back memories,” he says, quieter.

Ranboo’s silent for a moment. “Memories, huh,” he repeats lowly. His hand tightens around Tubbo’s knee; Tubbo rests his own hand on top of Ranboo’s, and when Ranboo turns his hand over to hold Tubbo’s, he grips back. “How long’s it been?” Ranboo questions in a whisper.

Tubbo’s heart pinches.

Four years, since they’ve all moved in together. Six since Tubbo fully remembered who he was, twenty-one since he was born in this world. Even longer still, since...since they last...

“Too long,” he answers in the same tone. A knot lodges in his throat, and he repeats, “Too long.”

Ranboo hums thoughtfully. “You know it’s not going to be him, right?” Ranboo gently detangles their hands to wrap an arm around Tubbo’s shoulders. Tubbo leans in as Ranboo pulls him closer. “We can’t just...replace him with another kid. They don’t deserve that.”

“I know that,” Tubbo responds immediately. He leans back to meet Ranboo’s eyes, frowning slightly. “I don’t want a replacement,” he says again, fiercely. “I just- I miss it.”

They hold eye contact for a moment. Ranboo seems to search his eyes, in that time, and then he lets out a breath. He presses his forehead to Tubbo’s. “I miss it too,” he whispers, still gazing into Tubbo’s eyes. He lets out a short laugh. “I never imagined I’d be a parent, back then,” he confesses. Tubbo snorts.

“Are you kidding? That was the *last* thing on my mind.” Ranboo chuckles, leaning back and returning to his prior position, arm back around Tubbo’s shoulders. He tilts his head up towards the ceiling.

“Do you think we’re ready now?” He asks, something vulnerable threading through his tone. “I don’t want to...”

Tubbo frowns.

“Boo,” he says quietly, glancing up at him. He slips his hand into Ranboo’s and squeezes. “You’ve always been an amazing parent, Ranboo. Like you said, Michael turned out just fine, right?”

Ranboo takes a moment to respond. “...Yeah,” he whispers. “At least from what I could tell.”

“And we’ll have help this time, too,” Tubbo adds on. “We’ll research. Look into parenting books, go to some classes. We won’t just jump right into it.” Ranboo lets out a shaky breath, then nods.

“We’ll be prepared this time,” he whispers in response. Tubbo smiles encouragingly.

“Yeah!”

Ranboo finally cracks a smile. “We’re gonna be the best parents,” he says, almost to himself more than Tubbo.

“Hell yeah we are,” Tubbo agrees instantly.

A pause.

“We’re dragging Tommy along to the classes, right?”

“Oh, for *sure*.”

-

Tommy’s delighted when Tubbo and Ranboo tell him their plan. It’s not surprising – Tommy’s always loved kids. He *adored* Michael. Still does, to be completely honest. It was clear in the countless times he offered to babysit before he’d moved into Snowchester, and in the clothes he’d sewn for him, and in the hundreds of hours he spent with him, before, well.

When Tubbo and Ranboo brought it up with him, Tommy’s face had just...lit up. *Really?* he’d asked, voice hushed. His eyes started shining when Tubbo nodded yes; and there really was no other option but to drag Tommy into a hug. *Really*, Tubbo had responded. And if a wet spot formed on Tubbo’s shoulder; if Tubbo could feel tears trailing down his cheeks into Tommy’s shirt- neither of them said a word.

And as much as they like to tease him, it’s no surprise to Tubbo when Tommy takes to learning everything with them with vigor. Tubbo doesn’t think he’s seen Tommy this focused since he was training to kill Dream, all that time ago. He’s gotta say, it makes him a whole lot happier to see Tommy hunched over parenting books as opposed to brewing stands; to see Tommy smiling instead of frowning.

They plan to spend at least a few months like this – going to classes, talking to people, figuring out just how much they did right, before, and how much they have to learn. At first, they didn't tell any of their friends. Tubbo doesn't think they really had a reason, it just didn't come up.

At least, not at first.

“What's this?” Phil asks one day while he's visiting. Tubbo glances up from the quiche he's making, eyes widening slightly as he notices the book Phil's holding. *Simplicity Parenting*, it reads. Phil raises his head and quirks an eyebrow at Tubbo. “You planning on having a kid?” He asks teasingly, though there's a note of seriousness underneath that Tubbo can't help but notice.

Tubbo hums, buying a moment of time by moving to the sink and washing his hands. Phil thankfully gives him this much. The set of his frown is expectant when Tubbo turns back around, though, so Tubbo sighs and moves past him towards the living room, taking the book from Phil's hands. “Let's go in here,” he tells Phil.

Ranboo and Tommy are both in the living room when Tubbo arrives. Tubbo just holds up the book when they look at him questioningly and their eyes both light up in understanding. “We should tell him,” Tubbo says. Ranboo and Tommy share a brief look before nodding.

“So,” Phil starts, when they're all sitting around the table. He raises his eyebrows. “Parenting, huh?” When that draws little response other than Tubbo sharing a look with Ranboo and Tommy both, Phil prods, “What brought this on?”

Tubbo looks down at his hands. Ranboo starts hesitantly, “You never really...watched much of my and Tubbo's lore back before we told you everything, did you?” Phil knits his brows together.

“Not really, no,” he says slowly. “I watched the big things, but-” Suddenly, Phil cuts himself off, and his eyes widen. “Michael,” he breathes.

Nodding, Tubbo repeats, “Michael.” Tommy places a hand on Tubbo's knee; Tubbo shoots him a smile and turns his hand over so their fingers can twine together. “He was our son,” Tubbo says, emotion knotting in his throat, even all these years later. “We're not looking to replace him – it's not like that's possible, anyway – we just-”

Tubbo cuts off, and Ranboo finishes, “We miss being parents.”

Tommy meets Phil's eyes. “You're not stopping us,” Tommy tells him. Phil shakes his head, looking back down towards the book sitting innocently on the table.

“I won't,” Phil states. “It's not my right, and...” A small smile crosses Phil's lips. “It looks like you three are on the right track, anyway,” he says. His eyes are glinting with something as he meets all their eyes in turn. “Reach out to us – any of us – if you need help with anything, alright?”

Stern frown quickly turning into a smile, Tommy says, “Thanks, Phil.” Ranboo and Tubbo quickly echo Tommy’s words. Phil’s smile turns into a full-blown grin.

“Man, who would’ve thought you three chaotic children would be the first to take this sort of step,” he says. His voice shifts from teasing to genuine, and he adds on, “I’m proud of you.”

Tubbo glances at Tommy and Ranboo, and his smile grows just a bit brighter.

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The day finally comes.

Tommy’s practically *skipping* as he walks beside his best friends into the adoption center. Finally, after months of classes and reading and then, later, filling out paperwork and being interviewed to see whether they’re suitable to be parents, they’re *finally* here. It’s been a long eight months, but- it’s worth it.

They’re greeted right away by a receptionist, who introduces herself as Aliesha. She leads them into the playroom, starting with the three to four-year-olds. “Normally we’d start off with the babies,” she says, glancing back at them. “However, you have stated that you’d prefer an older kid, so we’ll start there before working our way up.”

Stepping into the room, she stops Tubbo and Ranboo to give them a little more information before she introduces them to the children. Tommy’s not technically the one doing the adopting, though, so he steps further in, looking around. There are about ten children hanging out – three building a tower of plastic cones, it looks like; two drawing, four running around playing tag, and-

Tommy frowns. There, alone in the far corner, a little kid sits. He seems to be playing with something in his hands – a stuffed animal, Tommy thinks? – but he looks far too lonely. Tommy slowly makes his way over, dodging running children, and crouches down in front of the child.

“Hey there,” he greets, tone soft. “What’s your name?” The child blinks up at him, tilting his head and staring at Tommy. Tommy meets his eyes. Something glints in them- something *familiar*-

“Mimi?” The little boy whispers. Tommy’s heart stalls. He leans forward, narrowing his eyes in thought.

At first glance, the boy looks unfamiliar. He’s got sandy brown hair, with shining blue eyes and freckles dotted over his cheeks. But- his eyes, so wide-eyed and curious and brimming with tears- they remind Tommy of-

“*Mimi!*”

Tommy laughs, swinging Michael into his arms and spinning around in circles. “There’s my little monster!” He greets, slowing down and propping Michael up on his hip. “How are we

today?” He asks, grinning down at Michael. Michael beams back up at him, eyes sparkling with glee.

“Good!”

“Good, good. Now, you ready to build the best snowman mankind’s ever seen?”

“Yeah!”

Tommy shakes himself from his memories. The boy says again, louder, “Mimi!”

And- despite himself, Tommy’s eyes well up in tears.

He slowly, so slowly, brings a hand up to cup Mich- the boy’s cheek. “Mi-” Tommy cuts himself off and swallows. “Mikey?” He whispers, rubbing his thumb gently against his cheek. “Is that you?”

There’s a nod, and then the little boy- and then *Michael*- is launching himself into Tommy’s arms and Tommy’s catching him and they’re both *sobbing*. Tommy hunches over, burying his face in Michael’s hair. Michael curls his little fists into Tommy’s shirt, hiding his sobs in Tommy’s shirt- *ender*, it’s been such a long time since Tommy’s held a child like this. Held *Michael* like this.

He *missed* this. He missed this so, so unbelievably much.

“Missed you,” Michael whimpers. Tommy takes a moment to breathe through the sharp pain that shoots through him at the words, heart *aching*. He brushes a hand over Michael’s head and brings him closer.

“Missed you too, Mikey,” he whispers, pressing a kiss into his hair.

“Tommy?” Tommy looks up as Tubbo drops next to him, his eyes wide and concerned, just barely hiding the hope Tommy can tell is surging within. Ranboo kneels next to Tubbo – Aliesha stands behind, eyes narrowed in confusion. “Tommy, what’s happening?” Tubbo presses further.

Instead of answering, Tommy just leans down. “Hey, bud,” he whispers in Michael’s ear. “Can you look up for me, Mikey?” Tommy just barely registers a pair of gasps from beside him, but he ignores them as Michael peers up to meet Tommy’s eyes. He jerks his head to the side, and says, smile growing exponentially wider, “Hey, look, it’s Bee ‘n Boo!”

Michael’s head jerks over. Tommy can see him scanning over Tubbo, and he must find what he’s looking for because seconds later he’s launching himself at Tubbo, sobbing all over again. Tubbo’s face scrunches up, and he wraps his arms tightly around Michael and pulls him close to him. “Hey kiddo,” he whispers, tears trailing down his cheeks. Ranboo lets out a whimper- Tommy glances over at him and reaches for his hand. Ranboo shoots him a heartbreakingly emotional smile and takes it; Tommy echoes it.

“Bee,” Michael whispers, and Tubbo’s smile grows impossibly wider.

“That’s me,” he whispers. He pulls back slightly, then, and turns Michael towards Ranboo. “You wanna say hi to Boo, too?” He asks teasingly, though the effect is lessened by the way Tubbo’s voice is still wet. Michael peers at Ranboo, tilting his head questioningly. Tommy can’t blame him – Ranboo doesn’t look at *all* similar. Ranboo seems to realize this, and just smiles softly.

“Hey there, Michael,” he murmurs, tone disbelieving even as he reaches out and traces Michael’s face with his fingertips. “I know I don’t look like me, but it’s me.”

The voice seems to be all Michael needs, because his eyes well up for the umpteenth time today. Ranboo catches Michael easily as he throws himself at Ranboo, pulling him to his chest. He plays with the ends of Michael’s hair, laying his cheek on Michael’s head. “I’m here, bud,” he whispers, tears finally trailing down his cheeks. He repeats, softer, “I’m here.”

A weight settles on Tommy’s shoulder. He glances down, meeting Tubbo’s eyes. “Is this real?” Tubbo asks in a whisper. Tommy nods, reaching to take Tubbo’s hand.

“It’s real,” he reassures, voice choked. “It’s real.” Tubbo snuffles, rubbing at his eyes with the back of his hand. Ranboo meets their eyes over Michael’s head, his own red and raw.

Wordlessly, he gestures them over. Tommy goes to the opposite side that Tubbo’s on, kneeling and resting his head on Ranboo’s shoulder and rubbing circles into Michael’s back. Tubbo leans forward and wraps Michael’s hand in his own, pressing his forehead to Michael’s temple. Michael still hasn’t stopped crying, letting out tiny little whimpers.

Ender. Tommy- they all missed Michael so incredibly much, but- Tommy never would’ve *dreamed* that they would’ve been able to find him again. It’s-

It’s almost unbelievable.

But it’s real, and so Tommy just leans forward to press a kiss to Michael’s forehead, and lets himself have this.

“So,” Aliesha brings their attention to where she stands above them, her hands on her hips. Even though her posture is stern, it seems she can’t hide the softness in her eyes. “What exactly is going on here?”

-

In the end, they end up coming with some bullshit story about knowing him when he was a baby, getting separated, and desperately wishing to reunite with him ever since. Tommy can tell Aliesha just barely accepts the story – and yeah, Tommy can’t blame her – it *is* a rather unbelievable coincidence. Though- honestly, their real story is ten times more unbelievable.

She can’t deny that Michael’s reaction – that *their* reactions – were genuine, anyway, so in the end it works out.

Aliesha tells them quietly while they walk towards her office that Michael was found alone and abandoned when he was only a couple of years old. He was barely able to walk, she says,

yet he somehow managed to find his way to a shelter, which had contacted the adoption agency. He's been here ever since, but always been an outsider.

"He's a really sweet kid," she murmurs. She's careful to not wake Michael, who had fallen asleep against Ranboo's chest. "He never really fit in with the other kids. It's sad, really – but he seems to really trust you three." She flicks her eyes up to meet Ranboo's, glancing at Tommy and Tubbo. "I'm surprised he remembered you," she says. *So are we*, Tommy thinks, but Ranboo shrugs, turning his attention back down to Michael.

"Michael's always been a smart kid," he says, something tender in his tone. "I'm not surprised he remembered."

All Aliesha does is smile slightly, before she brings out the paperwork.

Much to Tommy's dismay, along with Tubbo and Ranboo's, they can't bring him home right away. The workers have to check the house, run a few more interviews, see them interact with Michael a few more times. It makes Tommy's heart hurt, that they'll have to leave Michael alone again, right after they found him. Michael deserves to be happy. He deserves to have the peaceful- *happy*- life that Tommy and his best friends have been able to make for themselves.

Aliesha's apologetic, at least. "You'll be able to take him home soon," she reassures. A small smile crosses her lips. "I have no doubt that you'll be approved."

"Thank you, Aliesha," Tubbo tells her, smile somewhat strained. Ranboo echoes him. All Tommy can do is nod his thanks – the knot in his throat's returned, joined by a heavy feeling in his stomach.

They spend the rest of the afternoon there – watching over Michael as he naps, then playing with him when he wakes up. Tommy manages to intrigue a couple of the other kids with the story he tells Michael. Michael doesn't leave their sides even once, but he smiles at the other kids. Tommy internally makes a note to make sure he introduces Michael to the other kids in their neighborhood – it's possible that Michael's social block was in part caused because of his memories. Now that they're there, it might make it easier for him to make friends.

At the end of the day, it takes all Tommy's willpower to leave Michael behind. It looks just as hard for Tubbo, and especially Ranboo, who hasn't put Michael down ever since that very first hug.

They have to, though.

"Hey," Tubbo murmurs, running a hand through Michael's hair. "Hey, Michael, look at me for a sec, okay?"

Michael refuses to remove his face from where it's buried against Ranboo's chest. Ranboo sighs lightly, and gently pulls Michael away. "Hey, we'll be back tomorrow, alright, Michael?" Ranboo reassures softly. Michael's face scrunches up.

“Promise?” He asks in a tiny little whimper. Tommy steps forward and takes one of Michael’s little hands in his.

“Promise,” he says, gentle.

Tubbo presses a solid kiss to Michael’s temple. “We’re not leaving you behind again, alright?” He whispers. “We’ll be back tomorrow, and the next day. Until you can come home, we’ll be here.”

Michael stares at Tubbo for a moment longer, then seems to slump. “M’kay,” he mumbles. He reaches towards Tubbo, and Tubbo wraps him in a hug. Tommy wraps his arms around them both. “Love you,” Michael says.

“We love you,” Tommy says, brushing one final kiss over his forehead. “We’ll be back tomorrow.”

Tubbo takes Tommy’s hand into a vice grip as they watch Michael get taken back into the playroom. Tommy squeezes back. Without a word, Tubbo leads them outside, hand in hand with them both. It’s not until they’re out of sight of the door to the adoption center that they stop.

Silently, Tubbo turns, and before Tommy knows it they’re all wrapped up in each other’s arms. Tommy buries his face in between Tubbo’s shoulder and Ranboo’s chest, twisting his hand into the back of their shirts.

They just breathe, for a moment.

“He’s here,” Tommy finally breathes. Tubbo leans back slightly, beaming up at them. Tears are still shining in his eyes.

“He’s *here!*” Tubbo repeats breathlessly, the words catching on a disbelieving laugh midway through. He brings a hand up to swipe at his eyes, and mutters, “I never thought we’d find him again.”

Ranboo shakes his head, his own smile splitting his face in two. “I don’t think any of us did,” he responds. Tommy snorts.

“I never even *dreamed* it,” he admits. He bows his head, brushing his own resurging tears away. “It feels unreal,” he whispers, peering up at them through his lashes. Ranboo lets out a loud laugh and drags them both back into a hug.

“It’s real,” he says. His happiness is practically radiating from every word he speaks. “We have our little boy back.”

Tubbo laughs, choked. “We do,” he says. “He’s back.”

“He’s back,” Tommy echoes, leaning back to grin at them. Tubbo’s face is still buried in Ranboo’s chest, but Ranboo meets Tommy’s eyes and smile back at him before he pulls him close again.

Tommy lets himself get drawn back in again, and lets himself bask in this happiness.

-

A week.

A week is all it takes for the interviews to happen, for all the paperwork to be filled out, for the house to be checked out and approved for an adopted child to move there, but finally- *finally* the day comes where they can bring Michael home.

Ranboo wakes up at three in the morning, physically unable to fall back asleep. He's not surprised – he's always been this way when important things are coming, especially when it's something he's excited about. After about five minutes of struggling to fall back asleep, he gently detangles himself from Tommy and Tubbo, taking the arm Tubbo had wrapped around his waist and laying it over Tommy instead.

Within the amount of time it takes Ranboo to go to the bathroom, Tubbo's ended up spooning Tommy. They're both sound asleep, still- Ranboo spares them one fond smile before he makes his way out into the hallway, intending on hanging out in the living room for the next few hours.

Before he gets there, though, he notices the slightly-ajar door that leads to what will, in less than twelve hours, be his son's room. His smile growing a little wider, he pushes the door open.

He explores the room slowly. Even though he's had a part in setting it up, of course, he still takes a moment to trace his fingers over the bedframe; Tubbo, once they'd gotten back from their first visit to the adoption center, had spent *days* crafting the perfect bedframe for their son. Ranboo was glad when, three years ago, Tubbo'd mentioned that he kind of wanted to get back into woodworking and crafting that *isn't* for a war effort. He's had fun with multiple projects since then, but this is without a doubt the piece that he's put the most heart into.

Ranboo slowly takes in the walls, painted with everything they remember from their past life – everything positive, at least – that Michael might recognize. Little drawings of chickens, and pigs, and cows, as well as a wall dedicated to their old home. It's not the same, and it's not perfect, but Ranboo did the best he could.

He takes a seat on the bed, brushing a hand over the covers. Tommy had taken to sewing again, a few months after they'd moved in. It's a hobby Ranboo knew he had – Tommy had been *so* offended by the state of Ranboo's suit, back before, and had demanded Ranboo let him fix it – but similarly to Tubbo, Ranboo'd never seen him as joyful sewing back then as he does these days.

It makes Ranboo so happy, knowing his husbands are finally getting the peace and happiness they deserve.

His intent to hang out in the living room forgotten, Ranboo stays sitting on the bed, eventually dozing off to the point that he falls sideways, laying awkwardly on the too-small bed. He can't bring himself to care, though, and just stays there.

What feels like a few hours later, there's a quiet chuckle from the doorway. Ranboo cracks his eyes open to see Tommy standing there, leaning against the doorframe. "Comfy?" Tommy teases lightly, mouth curved into an amused smile. Ranboo rolls his eyes.

"Shut up," he mutters. Tommy laughs and makes his way over.

He lifts Ranboo's head up, causing Ranboo to let out a disgruntled groan. Tommy just says, "Be patient, you big baby," as he sits down and lays Ranboo's head in his lap. He gently runs his fingers through Ranboo's hair, scratching lightly at his scalp. Ranboo sighs and leans into the touch, letting his eyes drift closed. "Excited?" Tommy asks quietly, still scratching.

"Mm," Ranboo hums. He turns over, opening his eyes and gazing up at Tommy. "You must be, too," Ranboo says, "Considering you're up this early also."

"I'm pretty sure we all are," Tubbo's voice comes. Ranboo glances over, watching as Tubbo makes his way over to sit on Tommy's other side. Silently, Tommy wraps an arm around Tubbo's shoulders. "He's finally coming home," Tubbo whispers, his voice still awe-filled. Ranboo can't help his smile growing, and he reaches across Tommy's lap to grab at Tubbo's hand.

"Yeah," he whispers. "He's coming home."

A anticipation-filled silence falls over them. Ranboo almost falls asleep again, Tommy not stopping his soothing motions and the bed, of course, incredibly comfortable. It feels like it's been both too long and not long at all when Tubbo finally says, "C'mon."

Ranboo instantly opens his eyes and sits up as Tommy nudges him, and Tubbo grins at them both. "They open in ten minutes," he says. He stands, then Tommy, and Ranboo stands with him, eagerness flooding him. Matching beaming smiles adorn all their faces.

"Let's go get him."

-

"BOO!"

Ranboo laughs as Michael throws himself at him, crouching down to catch him. "Hey, bud," he greets, hugging him close to him. Michael wraps his arms around Ranboo's neck, beaming at him, before he catches sight of either Tommy or Tubbo and instantly loses interest.

"BEE!" Michael scrambles to get to who must be Tubbo. Ranboo laughs and lets him go, watching as Tubbo stumbles, obviously not prepared for Michael to bulldoze into his legs.

Ranboo snorts as Tubbo swears under his breath. Tommy full-out laughs. "Not prepared, huh," Tommy teases. Tubbo shoots him a look.

"Shut up, Tommy." His tone does a complete 180 from annoyed to enthusiastic, and Tubbo bends over, detaching Michael from his legs to swing him up into his arms. "Hey there, Mikey!" He coos. Leaning forward, he blows a raspberry into Michael's neck. Michael squeals and squirms, trying to get away.

“No- Bee, stop!” Michael giggles, pushing at Tubbo’s face. Tommy lets out a laugh – and *man*, Ranboo’s best friends are so *happy* – and swoops in to steal Michael from Tubbo’s arms.

He exclaims, “It’s alright, Michael, I’ll save you!” Tubbo lets out a mock-offended gasp, shooting Tommy a glare that’s too happy to be genuine.

“You can’t do that!”

“Well, I am!”

“*Well* then, that’s bullshi-” Tubbo cuts himself off, eyes widening as he glances around. It’s as if he *just* noticed they’re in an *adoption center*; Ranboo can’t stop himself from snickering quietly. “That’s *baloney!*” Tubbo decides on, and this time Ranboo laughs outright.

Tommy does too, propping Michael on his hip and grinning down at him. “Y’know what, we can let Michael decide- Michael, who d’you want to hold you?”

Michael looks around, eyes narrowed in concentration. Finally, his eyes land on Ranboo, and he lights up. “Boo!” He shouts, reaching towards Ranboo. Ranboo laughs and gives Tubbo and Tommy both a victorious grin, taking his son back.

“I guess I’m the favorite,” he snarks to them. Tubbo glares at him, crossing his arms.

“You’re sleeping on the couch tonight.”

“You’ll just end up whining about missing your space heater and drag me back in the middle of the night.”

Tubbo raises his eyebrows. “You wanna bet?” Ranboo rolls his eyes.

“I know you, Tubbo.”

Tubbo shakes his head, but lets it go. Quietly, from behind Ranboo, there’s a little cough. Ranboo turns, and blinks at Aliesha. She’s just standing there, holding a clipboard and raising her eyebrows.

Oh. Right. They still need to fill out paperwork.

He passes off Michael to Tubbo, laughing sheepishly and rubbing the back of his head. “Sorry,” he says. “Got sidetracked.”

Aliesha shakes her head, lips quirking up into a small smile. “No problem at all,” she says, sounding almost fond. She holds out the paperwork. “Here you go.”

He fills out the paperwork as quickly as he can, smile growing wider and wider as laughter erupts behind him. He doesn’t know what they’re laughing at, but he doesn’t really care. All he cares about is that when he gives Aliesha the paperwork and turns back to see his family, they’re all grinning.

“You’re all set,” Aliesha tells him, shaking his hand. She gives him a warm smile. “Congrats, Ranboo.”

Ranboo meets her in the eyes. “Thank you, Aliesha,” he says sincerely. She gives him one last smile, and turns her back. He turns back towards his family. Tubbo notices he’s done first – Tommy playing some sort of patty-cake game with Michael on the floor – and gives him an expectant look.

“Well?” He asks.

Ranboo gives him a grin. Tommy notices them, and stands up, bringing Michael with him. Barely hiding his eagerness, he confirms, “Time to go?”

Nodding, Ranboo reaches out to take Tubbo’s hand. He ruffles Michael’s hair, before wrapping an arm around Tommy’s shoulders. “Let’s go home,” he says.

And, smiling wide, they do.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“He’s picking up on this pretty quickly,” Ranboo murmurs to Tubbo. Tubbo flashes him a smile, leaning into Ranboo’s side. Ranboo wraps his arm around Tubbo’s shoulders and pulls him closer.

“Course he is,” Tubbo says easily. “He’s our Michael.” He casts his gaze towards their son, and his face alights with pride. “He’s gonna be great someday,” he whispers. Ranboo smiles and nods.

“He really is,” he agrees softly.

“You’re killing it, Michael! Soon, you’re gonna be biking like a champ and I’ll teach you how to pull a wheelie!”

Ranboo closes his eyes and shakes his head. “That is, if Tommy doesn’t kill him before he’s five,” Ranboo says dryly. Tubbo snorts.

Chapter Notes

surprise! finals hell is DONE and i am HOME so let's do this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three Years Old

“Go, Michael, go!”

Michael giggles as Tommy cheers him on. He wobbles precariously on his bike, but before Ranboo can dash out to save him from possibly-falling, Tubbo puts his hand on his arm. “He’s *fine*,” Tubbo stresses, and sure enough Michael stabilizes himself and keeps on going, squealing in joy. Ranboo forces the tension out of his shoulders, leaning back into their shared lawn chair.

“Bee! Boo! Look!” Michael turns his head towards them, jerking the handlebars at the same time. Ranboo’s heart leaps in fear, but just as Michael starts tipping, Tommy catches him.

Laughing, he says, “Careful, Mikey! Keep your eyes forward, okay?”

“We’re looking, Michael!” Tubbo calls out just after in reassurance.

Michael nods, furrowing his eyebrows in concentration. It's incredibly adorable. "M'kay!" Tommy holds onto the handlebars for a little bit longer, letting Michael regain control before he lets go once again.

"He's picking up on this pretty quickly," Ranboo murmurs to Tubbo. Tubbo flashes him a smile, leaning into Ranboo's side. Ranboo wraps his arm around Tubbo's shoulders and pulls him closer.

"Course he is," Tubbo says easily. "He's our Michael." He casts his gaze towards their son, and his face alights with pride. "He's gonna be great someday," he whispers. Ranboo smiles and nods.

"He really is," he agrees softly.

"You're killing it, Michael! Soon, you're gonna be biking like a champ and I'll teach you how to pull a wheelie!"

Ranboo closes his eyes and shakes his head. "That is, if Tommy doesn't kill him before he's five," Ranboo says dryly. Tubbo snorts.

"You don't even know how to pull a wheelie, Tommy!" Tubbo heckles. Tommy flips Tubbo off, sticking his tongue out at him.

"You don't know that! You don't know my life story!"

Tubbo gives Tommy a deadpan look. "I remember clearly teaching you how to ride a bike back in the before. And I know for a *fact* that you had to be retaught here, too."

"I also saw you crash the other day!" Ranboo pipes in helpfully. Tommy flushes, turning his glare towards Ranboo.

"Fuck you both!"

Ranboo shares an amused look with Tubbo and snickers. Michael, apparently sick of biking around in circles, brakes and stops himself. He carefully lays the bike on the ground, and as soon as he's sure the bike is safe, launches himself at Tommy. "Mimi! I biked good!"

Tommy's annoyance instantly fades away, replaced with a big smile. "I know, Michael! I saw you!" He quickly scoops up Michael and places him on his hip. "Good job, bud," he says sincerely, pressing a kiss to Michael's forehead. Michael giggles, wrapping his arms around Tommy's neck and snuggling close.

Without a word, Tubbo and Ranboo both stand and make their way over. "You did great, Michael!" Ranboo praises. Michael beams, laughing and batting at Tubbo's hand when he goes to ruffle his hair.

"Gonna be a better biker than Tommy in no time," Tubbo says teasingly. Tommy rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up."

“I will!” Tubbo responds cheerfully. Tommy sighs long-sufferingly and opens his mouth again, but is interrupted by Michael letting out a huge yawn. Ranboo’s heart softens along with Tommy’s face, their attention instantly returned to their son.

“Tired, little man?” Tommy asks softly. Michael shakes his head.

“No, ‘m not tired,” he mumbles, rubbing his eyes with his fists.

Ranboo shakes his head, glancing at his watch. “Seems like it’s getting close to bedtime,” Ranboo comments. He silently holds his arms out for Michael, and Tommy carefully hands him over. Michael doesn’t protest, instantly adjusting and resting his face in the crook of Ranboo’s neck.

Tubbo rubs Michael’s back, and murmurs, “Yeah, I think it’s time for bed, bud.”

Michael just mumbles, burying his face further in Ranboo’s neck. It says something about how tired he is that he barely even attempts to complain. Ranboo chuckles, and starts making his way towards Michael’s bedroom without another word. Michael barely moves, only showing signs of being awake when Ranboo lays him down in his bed.

“Where Mimi ‘n Bee?” Michael asks as Ranboo tucks him in. Ranboo gives him a reassuring smile, smoothing down his hair and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“They’ll be up in a bit.” As if on cue, Ranboo hears quiet laughter and the suspicious sound of someone getting hit before Tommy and Tubbo enter the room. Tommy’s clutching his arm and has a shit-eating grin, so Ranboo thinks he can hazard a guess as to who was messing with whom just now.

Michael’s eyes light up as Tubbo swoops over him and kisses his forehead. “G’night, my prince. Love you!” he says. Tommy comes over and does the same, ruffling the little hair that’s available to ruffle. Michael reacts the exact same way, though, giggling and shoving Tommy’s hand away.

“Goodnight,” Tommy tells him. “Love you, Michael.”

Michael murmurs, “Love you,” just on the brink of falling asleep. Ranboo can’t stop himself from leaning in close, tucking the blankets firmly around his shoulders and giving him kiss on his cheek.

“Love you too, Michael.” With that, Ranboo backs up, giving Michael one last fond glance before he turns away. Tubbo takes his hand, and Ranboo turns the light off, carefully closing the door behind them.

His heart feels full. It’s already been over six months since they found Michael again, but it still doesn’t feel real sometimes.

Tommy worms his way under Ranboo’s other arm as soon as they’re out into the hallway. Ranboo laughs softly, but easily adjusts so his arms are wrapped around Tommy’s shoulders as they make their way downstairs. “Movie time?”

“As long as it’s not *The Good Son* again.” Tubbo shudders. “I swear, that movie gave me nightmares for *weeks*.”

“Totally agreed,” Ranboo nods, holding back his own shudder. “That movie was *so* freaky.”

“I *know*, right?!”

Ranboo’s happier than he’s ever been.

Four Years Old

Tommy wakes up to the sound of crying.

He blinks his eyes open, forcing the crustiness away as he sits up in bed. He glances from side to side briefly – both his best friends are still sound asleep. Tubbo and Ranboo are tangled together, with Ranboo’s legs over Tommy’s. Tommy listens carefully to see if the crying’s stopped, but it hasn’t. Tommy’s heart clenches.

Oh, Michael.

Silently, he detangles himself from Ranboo and slips out of bed, making his way out into the hallway and over to Michael’s room. He knocks on the door as warning, cracking it open and peeking in when he gets no response. His breath comes out in a distressed sigh as he sees Michael, curled up on his side and eyes scrunched tightly shut. Tommy can just barely make out the tears shining on his cheeks.

He’s crying, and he’s not even *awake* yet.

“Oh, Mikey,” he murmurs, walking quickly over to Michael’s bedside. He reaches out, placing a hand on Michael’s shoulder and shaking it gently. When that just results in Michael’s face scrunching up even more, Tommy shakes him harder. “Wake up, Michael, please.”

It takes a little longer, but finally Michael’s eyes shoot open. Michael gasps, jerking away. Well-versed in post-nightmare panic, Tommy removes his hand from Michael’s shoulder and gives him a bit of space. “It’s just me,” Tommy says soothingly, pitching his voice above Michael’s heaving breaths. “It’s just me. You’re alright, I promise. You’re alright.”

Michael slowly begins to calm down, eyes scanning every inch of Tommy’s face and body until they finally rest on Tommy’s eyes. Tommy gives him what he hopes is a reassuring smile, ignoring the ache in his chest as he inches closer again. Tears are still trailing down Michael’s cheeks. “Hey there, bud,” he says, quiet. Michael’s eyes well up even more, and before Tommy knows it, Michael’s launching himself into Tommy’s arms.

Tommy catches him easily, bringing him close to his chest. “Hey- hey, shhh, it’s alright,” Tommy soothes, running a hand down Michael’s back. “It’s okay. I’m here. You’re okay.” Michael just...cries in Tommy’s arms, and Tommy goes quiet. He makes himself comfortable on the floor, resting Michael in his lap and resting his head in the crook of Tommy’s neck.

Tommy presses a long kiss onto Michael's forehead. "I'm here," he whispers once again. "I'm here."

Michael calms down fairly rapidly, thankfully. Tommy keeps him close, only pulling away just enough to see Michael's face once he stops audibly crying. Tommy gently thumbs away his lingering tears. "There you are," he says. Michael sniffles, curling his hands into Tommy's shirt. "You wanna talk about it, Mikey?" Tommy asks after a moment.

"I...I..." Michael trails off, swallowing harshly and shaking his head. Tommy lets out a sigh, carefully standing up while keeping Michael secure in his arms.

"It's alright if you can't talk yet, bud," he tells Michael. Gently, he asks, "You wanna sleep with us tonight?"

Hesitantly, Michael nods. Tommy runs a comforting hand over Michael's hair, and carries him over to the room he shares with his best friends.

"Guys, wake up," Tommy says in a low voice, nudging Ranboo's feet in the same instance. Unsurprisingly, it doesn't take much more than that to wake them up. Tubbo's eyes crack open first, and it seems to only take seeing Michael in Tommy's arms for him to realize that something's wrong.

"Hey, Michael," Tubbo says. He opens his arms invitingly, and Tommy makes his way around the bed so he can place their son in Tubbo's arms. Michael instantly latches onto Tubbo, burying his face in Tubbo's shirt. Ranboo's woken up at this point, and rubs circles into Michael's back. He raises his eyebrows questioningly at Tommy. All Tommy can do is shrug helplessly. *Nightmare*, he mouths, and Ranboo's frown deepens.

Tommy takes a tentative seat next to Michael. Tubbo presses a firm kiss into Michael's hair then pulls back slightly. "What's wrong, Mikey?" He asks quietly. Michael leans away from Tubbo's chest, resting his eyes on each of them in turn.

After he's seemingly satisfied, he buries his head back into Tubbo. "Missed you," he whimpers, curling his hands into Tubbo's shirt. Tubbo's face visibly *shatters*. He pulls Michael closer and presses his face into his hair and whispers something that might be an apology. Tommy shares a look with Ranboo, heart *aching*. He shifts closer and rubs soft circles into Michael's back, while Ranboo wraps an arm around Tubbo's shoulders and pulls them both to his chest.

"We missed you too," Ranboo says, voice wobbly. He closes his eyes, taking a deep breath in and letting it out. His eyes seem to flick to Tommy and Tubbo briefly before they rest on Michael. "We're not gonna leave you alone ever again, alright?"

Michael peeks at Ranboo. "Promise?" He whispers. Ranboo's eyes shine with unshed tears, and he nods firmly.

"Promise," Tommy echoes. He reaches forward and rests his hand on Michael's, still twisted in Tubbo's shirt.

Tubbo says, resolute, “We *swear* you’ll never have to go through that again.” He pulls Michael tighter to his chest, and when he repeats, “*Never* again,” it seems to be just as much to himself as it is to Michael.

Sniffing, Michael nods. He closes his eyes; Tubbo gently tucks him in, right in the middle of the bed. Ranboo brushes his fingers through his fringe, a sad tinge to his smile. Tommy makes himself more comfortable, nestling himself against Tubbo’s side so he can see Michael more clearly.

They stay silent until they’re sure Michael’s fully fallen asleep. “I wish he just remembered the happy stuff,” Ranboo murmurs. Tubbo sighs heavily.

“Yeah,” he agrees. “And, if it’s the same as what we went through, we haven’t hit the worst yet.”

“Maybe he won’t remember everything?” Tommy says hopefully. Ranboo shrugs helplessly.

“We can hope,” he says quietly. Tommy sighs as well, shaking his head.

“Either way, there’s nothing we can do about it except be here.”

Tubbo nods, looking up. “And we’re gonna be here,” he states. Tommy takes his hand, squeezing it reassuringly.

“We will.” He looks up and shares a sad little smile with Ranboo, who looks just as sure as Tubbo does and Tommy feels. Tommy lets out a heavy breath, leaning back in bed and making himself comfortable under the covers. “Well, g’night, I guess,” he mutters, already closing his eyes.

“Wait.” Tommy blinks his eyes open, giving Tubbo a questioning look. Tubbo’s attention, however, is not on him. “Boo...” Tubbo trails off, swallowing heavily. Ranboo tilts his head; Tubbo places a hand on top of Ranboo’s. “How...” Taking a deep breath, Tubbo closes his eyes and asks, “How- how long was it for you?”

Tommy sucks in a quiet breath, trying to hide the way his heart *squeezes*. The brief look Ranboo shoots him betrays that he didn’t fully succeed. Tubbo goes on, voice wavering, “I- I know that I didn’t...” Tubbo’s eyes flit towards Tommy, and Tommy swallows painfully as Tubbo says, “...it didn’t take long for me to go, too, but...”

“We don’t know how long you were alone,” Tommy whispers in realization. He blinks rapidly, willing his own tears to not come back as Ranboo takes in a shuddering breath. Ranboo closes his eyes briefly, and Tommy can see him swallow. But, when he speaks, his voice is steady.

“...It doesn’t matter.”

Tubbo and Tommy share a look. “Ran-” Tommy protests. Ranboo shakes his head, glancing down and fiddling with Michael’s hair.

“I was alright. I...I had Michael, and...” Ranboo blinks a few times, and says, “I missed you guys...I really, really did, but- how long it was until I saw you again doesn’t really matter.”

Tubbo and Tommy share a look. “Boo...” Tubbo trails off.

Ranboo shakes his head again, turning the hand under Tubbo’s over so he can hold Tubbo’s hand. He reaches across Tubbo to take Tommy’s hand in his, and repeats, “It *doesn’t matter*.” His lips quirk up in a faint smile, and he adds on, “What matters is that we’re together now.” He glances down, and his smile grows. “*All* of us.”

Tommy can feel his eyes well up. He closes his eyes, clutching Ranboo’s hand tighter in his. Tubbo lets out a halting laugh, and when Tommy opens his eyes Tubbo’s shaking his head and giving Ranboo a wry smile. “Someday you’re gonna need to stop being so damn selfless,” Tubbo says softly. Ranboo snickers quietly, throwing an arm over Tubbo’s shoulders and pressing a kiss to his temple.

“I love you guys,” he says, completely avoiding addressing Tubbo’s statement. Tommy rolls his eyes, but gives Ranboo a genuine smile.

“Love you too.”

Tubbo sighs heavily. “Yeah, love you or whatever, even if you are a dumbass.” Ranboo’s smile just grows wider, and Tommy feels his own grow with it.

A silence falls between them. Tommy eventually ends up laying back, arm thrown over Tubbo and just barely resting on Michael. His eyes slip closed.

The rest of the night is peaceful.

Six Years Old

“Happy birthday dear Michael, Happy birthday to you!”

Tubbo applauds with everyone else, laughing when Michael claps delightedly and fails spectacularly at blowing out all of his candles. He remains undeterred, though, and succeeds on his second try. He *beams* up at them, before trading high-fives with his friends, all surrounding him.

Ranboo, who’s taken control of the cake-cutting because, in his *completely* unfair words, *you and Tommy both cannot be trusted*, claps to gain the room’s attention. “Alright!” He exclaims. His grin widens. “Who’s ready for some cake?!”

“Me!”

“Me!”

“No, me!”

“Me!”

Tommy snickers, “Okay, okay, settle down. Michael’s the birthday boy, so he’s gonna get the first slice, alright everyone?” There are a couple groans, but everyone settles down quickly enough and there’s nothing but smiles as Ranboo starts cutting the cake, handing Michael his piece first. Michael – er, he’s such a good kid, Tubbo *adores* him – waits until everyone else has gotten their slice before he digs in.

Ranboo sidles over to them as the kids finally dig in. “This was a good idea,” Ranboo murmurs, smile ridiculously fond. As they watch, Michael whispers something into one of his friends’ ears (Teja, Tubbo thinks was her name) and they burst into giggles. Everyone else clambers to know what they’re laughing about, and soon the whole table is bursting into laughter.

“Yeah,” Tubbo agrees. He crosses his arms and leans back against the doorframe, his own lips turning up into a grin. “Yeah, it was.”

The past couple of years, they’ve celebrated Michael’s birthday with just them – and, of course, inviting over their other friends. And Tubbo knows Michael enjoyed those parties, but this year is when he started school. Tubbo was a little nervous about sending his son away – Tommy’d laughed at his concerns, saying that *they’re kids, Tubbo, he’ll be fine* – but it had still been a relief when Michael had come home that very first day, grin brighter than ever and chattering on and on about his new friends.

Tommy still hasn’t let go of the fact that Tubbo cried when he saw Michael off. Ranboo doesn’t bring it up, but he does gain an amused grin whenever they talk about it.

Pricks, the both of them.

Michael’s been having a blast, though, which is all that Tubbo can really ask for. He’s made a *ton* of friends – hence the *amazing* amount of kids at this birthday party. He’s also learning a lot; every time he comes home with a brand-new fact that even Tubbo didn’t know, the proud little bubble of love for his son grows even bigger. He didn’t even think that possible, yet here he is.

Tubbo’s brought back to the present by a small body running into his legs. “Hey there, birthday boy!” He greets, crouching down so he can meet his son’s eyes. Michael beams at him, and looks around carefully before he leans in close, hands cupping his mouth. Tubbo raises his eyebrows, but gives him his ear.

“We’re playing hide an’ seek!” Michael stage-whispers. “Where should I hide?” Tubbo stifles a laugh at the incredibly serious voice Michael uses – for a six-year-old, at least.

“Go hide in the laundry room – remember the little nook we hid in last time?” Michael gasps, nodding rapidly and dashing off. Tubbo shakes his head, grinning fondly.

Tommy raises his eyebrows at him. “What was that about?” He asks.

Tubbo laughs. "I always tell him where to hide during hide and seek," he tells Tommy casually.

His best friend gapes at him. "*That's* why he always wins?" He says incredulously. Tubbo shrugs.

"Perhaps."

"Oh, you *cheaters!*"

"Not my fault both of you suck at seeking!" Tubbo says cheerfully. Tommy glares mulishly at him.

"You suck."

Tubbo sticks his tongue out. "No, you."

"No, you!"

"No, *you!*"

There's a little cough, and Tubbo and Tommy both turn to see Ranboo. He looks supremely unimpressed. "What?" Tubbo asks defensively.

"Who exactly are the children here, again?"

"Oh shut the f...*ork* up, you shirt-head."

"Good one, Tommy," Ranboo says, deadpan.

"Shut *up!*"

Nine Years Old

Ranboo wakes up to the creaking of his bedroom door.

Slowly he blinks his eyes open, rubbing the crustiness away with one hand. He can't see much, but there in the light there's a silhouette- and that can really only mean one thing.

"Michael?" He calls quietly.

There's scuffling of feet, then a quiet, "Hey, Boo."

Ranboo frowns.

Once Michael had started going to school and started interacting with other kids more, he'd slowly taken to calling Tubbo and Ranboo *Dad* and *Pa* more, with Tommy becoming *Uncle Tommy*. He still used - and even at nine years old, uses - Boo and Bee and Mimi, but those are saved for the more vulnerable moments.

As silent as he can, he sits up, careful to not dislodge Tubbo too much. Thankfully, Tubbo and Tommy are more curled up with each other than they are with Ranboo, so it's easy for him to swing his legs out of bed. Michael hasn't said another word, just standing there. As Ranboo gets closer, it's increasingly clear that Michael isn't okay- arms wrapped around himself and head bowed.

"Hey," Ranboo murmurs. "Hey, you okay?"

A moment, and then Michael slowly shakes his head. Ranboo frowns deeper, something twisting in his chest. "Do you want a hug?"

Michael nods immediately, and Ranboo wraps his arms around Michael's shoulders and brings him close. Michael lets out something close to a sob. Ranboo runs a soothing hand over his hair and whispers, "Hey, let's go out into the living room, alright?"

Ranboo just barely feels Michael's nod against his chest. He keeps Michael close to him, one arm wrapped around his shoulders and Michael's face buried in his chest, and slowly they make their way to the living room. Ranboo sits down, wrapping his other arm back around Michael's shoulders. "What happened, kiddo?" He asks quietly.

He gives Michael time, rubbing small circles into his shoulder. Michael lets out a shuddering breath, and whispers, "I- I remember."

Ranboo's blood goes cold, but he doesn't let it show. "You remember?" He prompts gently, running his fingers lightly up Michael's spine. Michael leans back and looks Ranboo in the eye, his own wide and red, raw with tears.

"I- I remember Mimi disappearing- Bee 'n you being so sad and then Bee disappearing and then we were *alone* and-" Michael *sobs*, burying his face back into Ranboo's chest. "I remembered some- I remember missing you guys so *much*, but- but I didn't-"

"Shh, shh," Ranboo hushes, hunching over to press a kiss into Michael's hair. "Hey, shh, I know, I know."

"I did- didn't get it at the time," Michael chokes out, hands gripping tighter into Ranboo's shirt. He looks up. Ranboo's heart cracks just a little more at the tears flooding down Michael's cheeks. "Bee and Mimi- they *died*, didn't they? They didn't-"

Michael cuts himself off, eyes shifting away as he hunches inwards on himself. "They didn't leave," he whispers.

If before was Ranboo's heart cracking, now it's *shattering*.

"Oh, buddy, no," Ranboo says. He frees one arm from around Michael's back to cup his cheek, thumbing away the tears. He tilts Michael's head gently up so he can meet his eyes. "They *never* would've left on purpose," Ranboo tells him seriously. "They love you so much, Mikey."

Michael snuffles. "I know that," he responds, leaning into the gentle touch. "I just-"

His voice chokes off, and Ranboo pulls him tight to his chest again, resting his head on the crown of Michael's. "I know," Ranboo murmurs, heart aching. "I know."

"We're here now." Ranboo flicks his eyes upwards at Tubbo's gentle voice. Tubbo flashes Ranboo a strained smile, barely hiding his own heartbreak as he takes a seat on the other side of Michael. "We're here now, Michael," Tubbo repeats again, soft, reassuring. Michael peeks out from Ranboo's chest, and Ranboo releases him, allowing him to take refuge in Tubbo's arms instead.

Tommy crouches down in front of them, taking Michael's hands in his. "We're not leaving again," Tommy reassures, quiet yet firm. "We're not leaving you ever again, okay, Michael?"

Michael looks between the three of them, eyes welling up yet again. Finally he nods, sniffing and rubbing at his eyes with his forearm. "Okay," he chokes out. He leans into Tubbo, and repeats, "Okay."

It doesn't take long for Michael to fall back asleep, after. Tubbo readjusts slightly so that Michael slides down to rest in his lap; Ranboo tugs his legs over his own so he's more comfortable. Once they're sure he's asleep, Tommy sighs, moving to sit on the other side of Ranboo. "Ender," he whispers, running a hand through his hair. Ranboo lets out a shuddering breath, in full agreement.

"How much did you guys hear?" Ranboo asks. Tubbo shares a look with Tommy, and shakes his head.

"Enough," he says. A pause, and then Tubbo confesses, "I was hoping he wouldn't remember all that." His eyes are still on Michael. They flick upwards towards Ranboo and Tommy both. "He deserved to not remember that."

Ranboo sighs, shoulders slumping. "Guess he doesn't have a choice, just like us."

"Yeah," Tommy agrees. He shakes his head, and adds on, "Well, we're here now. We'll make sure that...that whenever he remembers something, we're there for him."

Ranboo nods. Looks down at Michael, so peaceful in sleep despite the lingering tear tracks on his cheeks. Tubbo brushes his fingers through his fringe, looking heartbreakingly soft despite the sadness still creased into his features. Tommy takes his hand and presses a kiss to his forehead, and Ranboo's heart warms at the way Michael's lips perk upwards at the action.

"Yeah," Ranboo promises, "We will be."

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading!!

i can't make any promises about when stuff will be posted, but now that i'm home hopefully it'll be a lot more frequent haha. thanks for sticking with me!

as for this story, for now it's chronological but i'm just kinda writing whatever ideas i have, so this story might not be chronological the whole time haha (though i will always make it clear how old michael is at the start of every scene, so hopefully that's not an issue).

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“Tubbo,” Ranboo starts. “Is Michael streaming on my fucking account?”

Tubbo bursts into laughter.

Chapter Notes

idk how i've managed to update this on my birthday two years in a row but i guess that's how it is lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fourteen Years Old

Ranboo opens his phone, and there must be at *least* a hundred notifications absolutely flooding his lock screen. He feels his eyebrows shoot up- most of them only started coming in about five minutes ago, which is both relieving and worrying at the same time. Anxiety knotting in his chest, he presses the oldest notification- a call from Tubbo- and puts his phone up to his ear.

“Boo,” Tubbo starts immediately, sounding breathless. Ranboo immediately relaxes; Tubbo doesn’t sound worried at all, if anything, he sounds like he’s breathless from laughter. *“Boo, have you checked any of your other notifications yet?”*

Ranboo furrows his brows. “No? I just saw like a million notifications and called you.” Tubbo lets out a laugh. Ranboo narrows his eyes further. “Tubbo, what’s going on?”

“You might want to check Twitch.” Ranboo blinks. And blinks again.

And suddenly, he has a sneaking suspicion what happened.

“I’ll call you back, Tubbo,” Ranboo says. Tubbo’s laughter is the last thing he hears before he hangs up.

He checks Twitch. There’s the usual suspects- Ludwig doing yet another subathon, Phil grinding on his seventh hardcore world, and-

Ranboo stops scrolling abruptly.

And then he sighs.

He calls Tubbo. “Tubbo,” Ranboo starts. “Is Michael streaming on my fucking account?”

Tubbo bursts into laughter.

-

“*Ah, shit,*” Tubbo watches his son mutter as he dies, once again, trying to beat the Bedwars Lobby parkour. Tubbo feels like he should be angry, or annoyed, or disappointed in Michael for what’s obviously a breach of privacy. He really should be. But-

“*Jesus, how does Dad make this look so easy?!*” Michael says in frustration as he falls yet again. Tubbo snickers.

This is actually the funniest thing that’s happened to Tubbo in *years*.

Imanbergforever: you know your dads are gonna kill u for this

neighborspiano: i mean. it’s tommy and tubbo we’re talking about. they’d do the same exact thing

noitspatrick: this is the funniest thing that’s happened in AGES. i’m living this is great

fuckitwvibe: i’m hoping they just walk in and see this. that’s the ideal situation

Michael must glance at chat, because he says, “*Come on, guys, they’re not supposed to be back for another couple hours! We’re fine!*” He reads for a bit longer, then flushes. “*Yeah, well, if anyone’s told them I’m doing this, then I’m screwed anyway so I may as well continue having fun.*”

Tubbo laughs out loud. That’s the Tubbo in Michael coming out right then. Fourteen years old and already causing so much trouble. Tubbo wipes away a fake tear.

They grow up so fast.

Tubbo hears the door slam open, and looks up just in time to see Ranboo step into the living room. He looks like a mess- he must’ve run from where he was spending the day with his parents, who moved nearby a few years after they adopted Michael. Ranboo sees Tubbo, and Tubbo instantly has to stifle a snicker.

“How long have you been here,” Ranboo asks tiredly. Tubbo gives him a shameless grin.

“Pretty much since it started!”

Ranboo sighs so incredibly heavily, rubbing his forehead with his fingers. “Isn’t this something we’re supposed to be discouraging?” He asks desperately. “Isn’t this bad parenting?”

“Probably!” Tubbo says cheerfully. He turns the screen towards his husband. At that exact moment, Michael falls again, cursing up a storm. “It’s funny, though.”

Ranboo gives him a look that’s so extremely exhausted that Tubbo can’t help but laugh again. “I’m going to stop him,” Ranboo states, heading upstairs. Tubbo hops to his feet.

“I’m coming!”

“Yeah, of course you are.”

-

Ranboo pushes open the door, and just...stares, for a moment. Michael’s back isn’t quite to him, but he’s so focused on the game, both ears covered by the headphones, that he completely misses the door opening. Chat can’t see him, Ranboo knows. He lingers at the door for a moment, but Tubbo, being Tubbo, squeezes past him and sneaks up behind Michael. Ranboo glances at his phone, still open to his- Michael’s- stream, and sees Chat start to speed up as they notice Tubbo. Michael still doesn’t notice, though, intently focused on his game.

Which means that when Tubbo yanks off Michael’s headphones, Michael jumps at *least* a foot in the air, screeching. “Hi, Michael!” Tubbo exclaims. Michael looks at him, eyes wide with more than a little fear. He sees Ranboo next, and his eyes widen even further.

Ranboo walks in, coming to a stop next to Tubbo. “Hey there, Michael,” Ranboo says pleasantly. Michael leans back slightly. Ranboo ignores him for the moment, placing his hands on the desk and leaning towards the computer. He looks at the camera. “Having fun, Chat?”

Imanbergforever: uhhhhHHHHH

fuckitwevibe: YES THIS IS WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR. BRILLIANT. KEEP IT GOING

cheeseandcrackers: hi ranboo! hi tubbo!

neighborspiano: we are having fun, thanks for asking!

noitspatrick: this is the best day of my life

Ranboo shakes his head, trying his best to hide the amusement that’s rising in him despite himself. “Well, unfortunately your fun’s about to come to an end,” he says, cutting a glance towards Michael. Michael shrinks back slightly, cheeks flushing bright pink. “Why don’t you close out the stream, Michael? You know, it’s only right, since you started it.”

“Uh,” Michael says eloquently. He stares at Ranboo. Ranboo leans back, gesturing towards the screen.

“They’re all yours!”

Tubbo badly stifles a laugh behind them. He's shamelessly recording them. Ranboo hates him. "Well," Michael starts. He looks completely overwhelmed. Ranboo would feel bad, but this is incredibly entertaining and also revenge. "Thanks for coming, everyone. I, uh, hope to see you guys...at some point. When I'm hopefully not dead."

It's Ranboo's turn to badly hide his amusement. "Alrighty then!" Ranboo says cheerfully. "G'night, chat!" With that, he ends the stream.

He turns to stare at his son dead-on, crossing his arms. Michael smiles sheepishly. "Sorry?" He tries.

Tubbo is still recording.

-

"-How did you even figure out my password? I don't talk about them to *anyone*, not even your dad and Uncle Tommy!"

Tommy stops in the doorway into their living room, feeling both his eyebrows shoot up. Ranboo's pacing around the room, hands running through his hair. Michael looks mildly distressed. Tubbo looks like he's holding back laughter, curled up in their armchair. "You're not as great at hiding stuff as you think you are, Boo," Tubbo comments.

Ranboo points at Tubbo. "Not! Helping!" Tommy clears his throat; all three sets of eyes jerk towards him.

"So," Tommy starts casually, placing his bag down. "What the hell is going on?"

Ranboo sighs more exasperatedly than Tommy's heard him do in a *long* time. And that's saying something, given Tommy makes it his goal to annoy Ranboo on a daily basis. It used to be hourly, but Tommy's grown. He's an adult now. "Michael figured out my login info- *somehow*- and logged into my Twitch account."

Tommy blinks. Ranboo continues, completely exhausted, "I'm sure you can guess what we caught him doing."

"Well," Tommy starts. "I guess that explains why I had like fifty missed calls when I got out of class."

"You didn't even check your messages to see what happened?" Ranboo asks incredulously. Tommy shrugs.

"Karate was more important. Then I wanted to get home."

Tubbo snorts. Ranboo sighs. "*Anyways*," Ranboo shoots a look at Michael. "You have anything to say to your son?"

Tommy looks at Michael consideringly. Michael looks back, looking both nervous and anticipatory. Tommy takes a while to talk, just to draw out the suspense. And, then-

He grins.

“How long were you streaming for?” He asks. Michael opens his mouth, then closes it, furrowing his brows. He looks completely lost.

“Uh,” he starts. “An hour or so?”

Tommy laughs. “Well done!” He congratulates. Michael manages to look even more confused. “Taking after Tubbo and me, I see,” Tommy continues. Michael blinks, and Tommy walks over and plops down on the seat next to him. “Did we ever tell you the story about how we crashed Wilbur’s stream and pissed him off?”

Ranboo throws his hands up. “I give up,” he declares. Tubbo cracks up; Tommy’s very close to doing the same. Michael slowly starts smiling, starting to realize he’s not going to get in any more trouble- from Tommy, at least.

“No, you didn’t,” Michael responds, leaning forward eagerly. Tommy’s grin widens.

“So, when me and your dad were just barely older than you, wee lads of sixteen-”

“If you’re going to tell that story, at least tell it like a normal person,” Ranboo interrupts, his face buried in his hands. Tommy rolls his eyes and carries on.

“Anyway, we got the key to Wilbur’s office from one of his friends, and streamed from his computer.” Tommy laughs. Man, that was a good day. “It must have taken him at least an hour to catch us.”

“Fun times,” Tubbo says in contentment. Michael looks between them, disbelieving, before he, too, breaks into laughter.

“I hate you both,” Ranboo mutters. Tubbo scoffs and reaches over to punch him in the arm.

“Oh, don’t pretend you didn’t find it funny!” Ranboo looks between the three of them. Tommy adopts an innocent grin, then Tubbo, and finally Michael follows suit. Ranboo maintains his annoyed expression for a second before he finally gives in, hanging his head.

“Yeah,” Ranboo admits defeatedly. “Yeah, it was funny.” He looks Michael in the eye for a moment. “Just ask us if you want to be in a stream, okay?” Ranboo tries. Michael grins at him.

“No promises!”

Tommy ruffles his hair. “That’s my boy!”

“Don’t *encourage* him!”

Fifteen Years Old

“Dad,” Michael says exasperatedly. “You had me handling explosives when I was *two*, before. Why the hell are you so nervous now?”

Tubbo grips the safety handle tighter as Michael goes around a turn. “That and driving are *completely* different situations,” Tubbo grits out.

Logically, Tubbo knows he’s being overdramatic. Logically, he knows that his son is being perfectly careful, checking every direction before switching lanes and barely going above the speed limit. Michael’s a good driver. He’s only been driving for a few weeks, yet he’s already got down turning smoothly and only sometimes needs to be reminded to stop at stop signs. He’s careful, and Tubbo’s proud of him. Still-

“Red light ahead,” he warns. He cringes at himself immediately as Michael sends him a completely exasperated look.

“I’m gonna tell Pa and Uncle Tommy you’re being a worrywart,” Michael tells him, deadpan. Tubbo sighs, forcing himself to relax his grip on the handle.

“Right. Sorry.”

-

“Slow down!”

“Dad, we were still at *least* twenty meters away from that car. I’m *fine*.”

-

“Don’t miss that stop sign!”

“I *see it!* It’s like two intersections down!”

-

“Watch your speed!”

“I’m going like, two kilometers per hour over the speed limit. *Chill*.”

-

“I think Michael might hate me,” Tubbo declares as he walks into their bedroom that night.

Tommy snorts. “You were a complete anxious wreck, weren’t you,” he tells him in amusement. Tubbo groans, collapsing on the bed and rubbing his forehead. Tommy presses against him in a form of comfort.

“I don’t get why I’m so *annoying* when it comes to this! I literally had him messing around with pipe bombs before he could even speak common before we were here!”

Ranboo's mouth is set in that expression that Tubbo knows means that he's struggling not to laugh. He manages to keep it in, though, taking a seat next to Tubbo on the bed. "It's probably the lack of control," he says. "Even with explosives-" and here, Ranboo visibly holds in a laugh- "You still had the ability to step in anytime, and you knew what you were doing well enough that you could know immediately if Michael was heading in a dangerous direction. With this, you can't stop anything without talking to him."

Tubbo thinks about that for a moment, then groans. "Ugh. You're definitely right."

"Yeah, I am." Tubbo takes off his shoe and flings it at his husband in one motion. Ranboo loses his shit-eating grin and yelps, ducking.

Tommy catches it before it can hit anything valuable. "Hey, no playfighting in the bedroom," he says, mock annoyed. Tubbo flips him off, then feels his shoulders slump.

"I should apologize to him," Tubbo sighs. He flops backwards, head next to Ranboo.

Ranboo runs his fingers through his hair. Tubbo slowly feels the tension seep out of his shoulders. "Yeah, you should," Ranboo says, not unkindly.

Tommy pats Tubbo on the shoulder before he stands and starts walking towards the door. "I'll take him out driving again now," he tells Tubbo. "You know he'll probably want a bit of time to cool off before he sees you. I'll talk to him."

Tubbo hangs his head. "Yeah." Michael doesn't get angry easily, but when he gets frustrated, he's hellish to deal with. Tubbo knows exactly who he gets that from, unfortunately.

"Relax," Ranboo says after Tommy leaves. "He'll forgive you."

"I know." Tubbo shakes his head. "I just hate being like this."

"Comes with the territory." Ranboo quirks a wry smile at him. "I mean, there's a reason why I've bowed out of doing the driving lessons." Tubbo snorts.

"Yeah, you'd be even worse than me, wouldn't you."

"Oh yeah, for *sure*."

-

"Thank god you're not freaking out like Dad was," Michael mutters. Tommy snorts, watching as his son carefully presses on the break, slowing to a stop far before he needs to at a red light. Michael's being much more careful than Tommy was when he was driving- which Tommy is *incredibly* thankful for. He would not have wanted to be in his parent's shoes.

Tommy states, "Your dad's a worrywart." Michael sighs dramatically.

"I *know*! It's so annoying! It's like he doesn't trust me!" And- there, threaded through the frustration typical to any teenager, is the slightest hint of insecurity. Tommy shakes his head, placing his hand on Michael's knee and shaking it slightly.

“He trusts you,” Tommy says easily. “He’s been having you help with his projects ever since you were small, remember? He wouldn’t do that if he didn’t trust you. He just needs to get used to this, is all.”

Michael doesn’t say anything for a moment. His hands tighten on the wheel. “You sure?” He asks, voice small.

“Course I am.”

Letting out a breath, Michael’s shoulders relax slightly. Tommy chuckles, ruffling Michael’s hair. “You’re doing fine,” he reassures. Then, more dryly: “Though, if you don’t pull forward soon, that car waiting behind us might just murder you in your sleep.”

Michael yelps, instantly pressing down on the gas. “Fuck,” he curses. Tommy laughs.

“Happens to everyone, don’t worry. Now ease up on the gas before you get pulled over by the cop ahead of us.”

“I thought we hate the cops?”

“We do, but we also really shouldn’t be going fifty kilometers per hour in a thirty.”

Michael flushes. Tommy resists the urge to snicker more.

“...Gotcha,” Michael says, and slows down.

“Attaboy.”

-

Tubbo knocks on Michael’s door. Their son had gotten back from his and Tommy’s drive in somewhat high spirits, looking a lot more relaxed than he had when Tubbo had last seen him. They’d had dinner immediately after, and while Michael didn’t seem angry with Tubbo, it still wasn’t comfortable.

He’d gone upstairs to his room immediately after he’d finished eating. Tubbo had sighed, finished his own plate, and followed.

“Michael?” Tubbo asks, knocking again after the first yields no response. “Can I come in?”

“...Fine,” Michael responds. Tubbo pushes open the door. Michael’s sitting on his bed; he clearly was scrolling on his phone, but now his eyes are set on Tubbo. It’s hard to read what he’s thinking from his face, so Tubbo doesn’t even try. Instead, he takes a seat on the edge of Michael’s bed, and starts talking.

“I’m sorry,” Tubbo starts from the get-go. Michael’s eyes widen slightly. “I was an overcontrolling piece of shit today, and I’m sorry about that. You don’t need someone nagging you every step of the way, especially when I know you’re a perfectly good driver. You’re still learning, and you make mistakes, but I need to chill and I know that. So I’m sorry.”

Michael's quiet for a moment. "Thanks for apologising. It just..." he trails off, frustration twisting his face for a second. "It makes me feel like you don't trust me." Tubbo lets out a breath, guilt twisting in his gut.

"I trust you," Tubbo promises. "I do. I just get way too fucking anxious when I'm not in control of every aspect of my life, but that's not your fault and it's something I need to work on." He gives Michael a slight smile. "I'll be better in the future."

Tubbo's son just holds his gaze for a moment. Then, he sighs and finally smiles at Tubbo. "If you're that annoying again I'm telling Uncle Tommy to hide all your favorite chocolate," he says mischievously. Tubbo gasps dramatically, holding a hand to his chest.

"You *wouldn't!*"

"You raised me. Of course I would."

Tubbo shakes his head, holding in his amusement. "I can't believe my own son would use my teachings *against* me." Michael shrugs, a smirk on his face.

"Then get your shit in gear."

"You know, I feel like there's some rule against you telling your own father something like that."

"Since when have we ever been one to follow society's rules?"

Tubbo snorts. "Touché," Tubbo responds amusedly. He reaches out and ruffles Michael's hair. Michael ducks away, but there's a pleased smile on his face. "We're watching Phil's stream downstairs if you want to join us," he offers.

Michael grins. "Only if I get to join VC."

"Pfft, Tommy and Ranboo are currently arguing in there, I'm not sure if Phil can handle you being added to the mix."

"Chat *loves* me!"

"Yes, but Phil unfortunately needs his sanity."

Michael laughs, and follows Tubbo downstairs.

Sixteen Years Old

"Tommy, you have *got* to stop crying."

Tommy glares at Tubbo, eyes red and teary. "Why the fuck are you making fun of me? Ranboo's been crying literally all day!"

“Ranboo’s Ranboo,” Tubbo deadpans. He steps up to adjust Tommy’s tie. “There’s no stopping him from crying up a storm all day.”

Tommy huffs as Ranboo protests, “I can stop crying!” Tubbo and Tommy both stare at him. They say nothing; Ranboo bows his head and flushes slightly. “I can try, at least,” he says embarrassedly. Tubbo snorts and headbutts his husband affectionately.

“It’s okay, Boo,” Tubbo says, a grin on his face. “We love you even if you are a major crybaby.”

“Who says I love him?”

Tubbo smacks Tommy upside the head. Tommy yelps. “I’m kidding, I’m kidding!”

“You’d better be,” Ranboo tells him. His tone is chiding, but there’s a grin on his face. His eyes are bright and full of pride. Tubbo feels that same pride welling up in his chest; he can’t help but share an excited smile with his best friends as he checks the time.

“We should head out,” Tubbo says. Tommy lets out a whoop and instantly dashes towards the door. Tubbo shares an amused glance with Ranboo, slipping his hand into his husband’s before they follow after Tommy. Tubbo supposes he can’t really tease Tommy too much for his excitement- he’s in the same exact boat. Today’s the day that they’ve been anticipating for the past fourteen years, after all.

It’s time to see their not-so-little-anymore boy graduate.

-

Ranboo’s voice is *definitely* going to be gone by the end of the day.

He’s like ninety-five percent sure everyone in their section of the crowd is completely *done* with the three of them- Tommy’s been shouting up a storm since Michael was visible in the line leading up to the stage. Tubbo, being Tubbo, decided he absolutely had to “beat” Tommy at yelling. And at that point, it only made sense for Ranboo to join in.

Michael’s definitely going to kill them later if he heard them, Ranboo thinks fondly. The moment when Michael crossed the stage has got to be one of the best moments of Ranboo’s life- he’s so *proud* of his son. He’s done so well in school, made so many friends. He’s become such an amazing person and Ranboo feels his eyes well up once again at the pride that surges in his chest.

“Oh, no, Ran’s crying again,” Tommy’s dry voice cuts through Ranboo’s thoughts. Ranboo quickly swipes at his eyes, leveling a dull glare at his best friend.

“Shut up,” he mutters. Tommy just grins at him. Tubbo laughs brightly.

“Come on, you can’t be crying right now!” He teases. Tubbo looks so ridiculously *happy*. Ranboo relates. “They should be making their way over here soon, and you know Michael will be embarrassed if he sees you crying.”

“I’m pretty sure we’ve already embarrassed him by screaming the entirety of the diploma pick-up,” Ranboo deadpans. Tubbo shrugs, unrepentant.

“We had to make sure he knew we were cheering him on,” Tommy says cheekily.

Ranboo barks out a laugh. “He *definitely* knows that,” he says in amusement.

Tubbo gasps, cutting off their conversation. He tugs at Ranboo’s sleeve. Bouncing on his toes, he exclaims, “There he is!” They all turn in the direction Tubbo’s pointing, and-

There he is.

“Michael!” Ranboo barely has time to get his name out before Michael’s plowing into him, being the closest. Ranboo laughs, pulling him close. “Congrats,” he says warmly. Michael beams up at him.

“Come on, no hugs for us?” Tommy says teasingly. His arms are crossed, but he’s got a small smile on his face, pride glinting in his eyes. Michael laughs brightly and launches himself forward. Tommy grunts exaggeratedly, but soon is lifting Michael from the ground and swinging him around. Ranboo is vividly reminded of Michael, five years old, giggling up a storm as Tommy spins him around in circles. It feels like yesterday.

Ranboo snuffles. Tubbo shoots him a glance; and for the first time, Tubbo looks like he’s on the verge of tears also. “C’mere,” Tubbo says- and to anyone else, Tubbo sounds perfectly normal, but Ranboo hears the thickness that Tubbo’s holding back. “You can’t treat Ranboo and Tommy like they’re more special than me- my feelings will get hurt, you know.”

Michael rolls his eyes. The effect is lost, though, given the fact that he immediately tackles Tubbo in a hug. He dwarfs Tubbo, now, a good few centimeters taller than him. He’s quickly gaining on Tommy- Tommy complains dramatically about how it’s unfair for Michael to be getting taller than him. Michael is incredibly smug. Tubbo pouts about how he’s been surpassed ever since Michael turned twelve.

Ranboo shakes himself from his thoughts as Tubbo pulls out of the hug, putting his hands on Michael’s shoulders. “We’re so proud of you,” Tubbo tells him. Michael blinks rapidly. His eyes flick towards Ranboo, and his lips quiver the slightest amount. And though their previous life is far behind them, though they’ve had sixteen years of happiness and peace and joy together, Ranboo is taken back to *before*, where Michael only had one parent.

Ranboo did his best to be there for him, but he knows both of them had a gaping hole in their heart left behind.

And from the look that crosses Tommy’s face, the shininess in Tubbo’s eyes, Ranboo knows they’re feeling the same heartache.

“We’re all *so* proud,” Tommy states, stepping close to Michael and ruffling his hair aggressively. Michael yelps and bats Tommy away, glaring and blushing both. The shadows are quickly dashed from his eyes, which is no doubt what Tommy intended. Tommy snickers

and yanks him and Tubbo both into a hug, eyeing Ranboo and practically demanding he also join. Ranboo smiles, pushing the memories away, and joins.

“You guys are so embarrassing,” Michael mutters. Tubbo snorts.

“Comes with the territory, kiddo. Deal with it.”

Michael sighs melodramatically, but when they pull back, he’s smiling. He looks between them, robe draped over his shoulders and cap knocked askew from Tommy’s teasing, and for a moment Ranboo wonders when their little boy grew up.

Ranboo blinks rapidly. He is *not* crying again. Not now.

There’s a shout from behind Michael, and he glances over his shoulder briefly. “Me and my friends are gonna go get food,” he says. “I’ll see you guys later!”

Ranboo’s the one who reaches out and ruffles Michael’s hair this time. “Have fun,” he says.

“I will!”

Michael turns and runs towards his friends, then, giving one more wave over his shoulder. Ranboo watches as he reunites with his friends. One of them says something, and Michael bursts into laughter. Another throws an arm over his shoulder, and they wander towards where Ranboo knows the bus station is. Ranboo feels Tubbo slip his hand into his own, and when Tommy comes and stands on his other side, Ranboo throws an arm over his shoulders. And they watch until they can’t see him anymore.

“He’s all grown up,” Tommy murmurs.

Tubbo snuffles. “Yeah,” he agrees, voice wet. Ranboo and Tommy both stare at him. “Oh, shut the fuck up,” Tubbo complains. “Of course I’m gonna cry at this.” Tommy snickers and reaches across Ranboo to nudge Tubbo playfully.

“C’mon,” Ranboo murmurs. “Let’s go home. We’ll see him soon.”

“Ender, he hasn’t even left home yet, and we’re already a mess,” Tubbo mutters. Tommy snorts.

“Speak for yourself. I haven’t-”

“Don’t even, Tommy, I think you’ve cried the most out of us.”

“Yeah, at least I’m *honest* about being a crybaby.”

Tommy’s ears go pink. “Oh, shut the fuck up.” Tubbo and Ranboo share a look and laugh.

And they head home.

so! hi!

sorry i have been,,, completely dead in this fandom for the past eight months lmao. honestly i've been wanting to add onto this story for a While but haven't been able to drum up the energy/motivation to do so until now. but now i have and so here you guys go :)

but, as some of you may have noticed, i've changed the story status from incomplete to complete. it's kinda bittersweet to be saying this, but i think after this chapter i'm most likely going to be moving on from this fandom.

this isn't to say that there's no chance that i'll come back and post something- my brain takes me where it wants to take me lmao so that's always a possibility! but i've been out of mcyt for a while now and as much as i love these silly guys, i'm just not in the fic-writing mindset for them much anymore. but i didn't want to just leave this story and you guys hanging, so i wrote this (in a day. when i had 3 classes. i felt kinda insane but it was fun lmao) as one last hurrah ig lmao

~~i'm sorry i sound so fucking dramatic LMAO~~

ANYWAYS the POINT of this end note is so that i can say thank you to all of you. these past couple of years writing for this fandom have been an absolute blast. you all are AMAZING and i have made such incredible friends from writing and posting and reading fic here. especially with your love remains true, you all have been- incredible. seriously your support means the absolute WORLD to me. every time i get a kudos email or get a comment or notice that my hit count has gone up (wow that would sound awful in the wrong context) it absolutely makes my DAY. you all are absolutely incredible and i am so, so thankful.

so thank you so much, and i hope you all have wonderful days <3

(btw my tumblr is @portgas-d-aroace and my other ao3 (which is mainly one piece lmao) is @soccersarah01 if yall wanna hit me up there :))

End Notes

pleased to announce that i am now jared, nineteen, and it's good that you guys know how to read because i now am not able to ;D

thank you so much for reading!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!